

# PASQVILS MAD-CAP.

And his Message.

*by Buxton*



L O N D O N

Printed by V. S. for Thomas Bushell, and are to bee sold  
at his shop at the great North doore of Pauls.

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And his



LONDON

1600





## To the Reader.



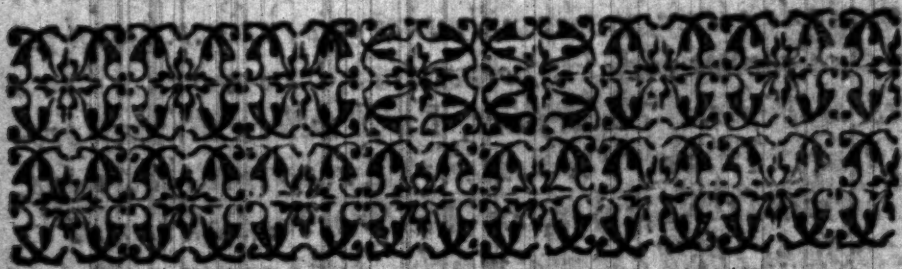
*HAT you are that reade this I know not, and how you like it I greatly care not; the honest will keepe their condition in spite of the diuell, and for them that are of the foure and twentie Orders, God amend them, for I cannot: what I haue written was in a madde humor, and so I hope by your reading you will imagine: a gallde hackeney will winch if he heare but the noyse of a Currie-combe, while a better horse will abide dressing and be quiet: call a foole a foole, and he will either crie or scratch; and yet an Oxe cannot hide his hornes though he were clad in a Beares skinne. To bee short, I wish well to all honest professions; I honour the Souldier, I reuerence the Diuine, I commend the Lawyer, and I obserue the Courtier: The Marchant I hold a man of worth, the Farmer a rich fellow, the Craftes-man no foole, and the Laborer worthy his hyre; but for the Beggar, he dwelles so neere my doore, that I am weary of his companie: and therefore let Souldiers*  
*A 2* *march,*

## To the Reader.

march; Diuines preach, Lawyers pleade, Marchants traf-  
ficke, Crafes-men follow their trade, and Worke-men  
take paines, Fencers play, and Players thrine, I say nothing  
to them all, but when they goe well to worke, God speede  
the plough: he that cannot abide the wether, let him lay by  
his fether, the Wise will liue in his Wisedome, and the foole  
will die in his folly, of vvhich number hoping you are none,

I leaue my labour to your pleasure, to consider  
of as your patience vwill gine you leaue,  
and so rest, your  
friend.

Pasquil.







# PASQVILS

## Mad-cappe.

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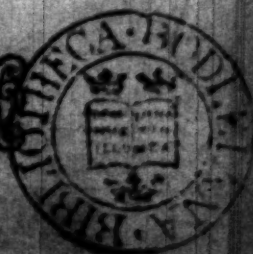


Hy should Man loue this wretched world so much,  
'n which is nothing but all worse than naught?  
Shadowes, and shews of things are nothing such,  
While strong illusions haue too weak a thought,  
With wicked humours too much ouer wrought,  
The witch of Will, and ouerthrow of Wit,  
Where gracelesse sinnes doe in their glory sit.

Beautie is but a Babie's looking glasse,  
While Money eates into the Misers hart,  
And guarded Pride, all like a golden Asse,  
Makes Lecherie lay open euery part:  
Slouth lies and sleepes, and feares no waking smart,  
While froath and fatte in drunken gluttony,  
The venome shew of natures villany.

A 3

Patience



2  
*Pasquills Mad-cappe*



Patience is counted but a Poets fancie,  
While Wrath keepes reakes in euery wicked place,  
And fretting Envie falne into a franzie,  
While tyrant Murther treades a bloody trace,  
And blessed Pittie dare not shew her face,  
Pride, Power, and Pence march in such battell ray,  
As beares downe all that comes within their way.

The wealthy Rascall be he ne're so base,  
Filthy, ill-fauour'd, vgly to behold,  
Mowle-eie, Plaife-mouth, Dogges-tooth, and Camels face,  
Blind, dumbe and deafe, diseased, rotten, old,  
Yet, if he haue the coffers full of gold,  
He shall haue reuerence, curtisie, cappe, and knee,  
And worship, like a man of high degree.

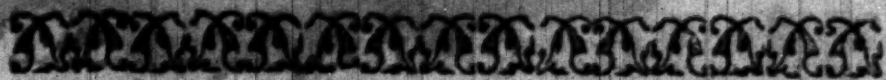
He shall haue Ballads written in his praise,  
Bookes dedicated vnto his patronage,  
Wittes working for his pleasure many waies,  
Petigrees sought to mend his parentage,  
And linckt perhaps in noble marriage,  
He shall haue all that this vile world can giue him,  
That into Pride, the Diuels mouth may driue him.

If





# *Pasquills Mad-cappe*



If he can speake, his words are Oracles,  
 If he can see, his eyes are spectacles,  
 If he can heare, his eares are miracles,  
 If he can stand, his legges are pinacles :  
 Thus in the rules of Reasons obstacles,  
 If he be but a beast in shape and nature,  
 Yet, giue him wealth he is a goodly creature.

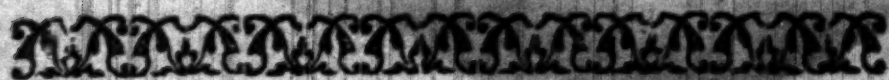
But be a man of ne're so good a minde,  
 As fine a shape as Nature can deuise :  
 Vertuous, and gracious, comely, wise, and kinde,  
 Valiant, well giuen, full of good qualities,  
 And almost free from Fancies vanities :  
 Yet let him want this filthie worldly drosse,  
 He shall be sent but to the Beggars Crosse.

The foole will scoffe him, and the knaue abuse him,  
 And euery Rascall in his kinde disgrace him,  
 Acquaintance leaue him, and his friends refuse him,  
 And euery dogge will from his doore displace him :  
 Oh this vile world will seeke so to deface him,  
 That vntill death doe come for to relieue him,  
 He shall haue nothing here but that may grieue him.

If



2  
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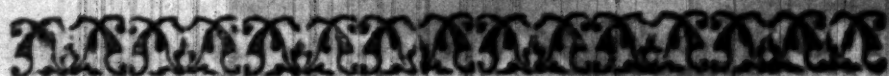
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If



4  
*Pasquills Mad-cappe*



If he haue Pence to purchase pretty things,  
Shee that doth loathe him will dissemble loue,  
While the poore man his heart with sorrow wrings,  
To see how Want doth womens loue remoue,  
And make a Iacke Daw of a Turtle-doue:  
If he be rich, worldes serue him for his pelfe,  
If he be poore, he may go serue himselfe.

If he be rich, although his nose do runne,  
His lippes do flauer, and his breath do stinke,  
He shall haue napkins faire and finely spunne,  
Pilles for the rhewme, and such perfumed drinke,  
As were he blind, he shall not seeme to wincke:  
Yea let him cough, halke, spit, and fart, and pisse,  
If he be wealthy, nothing is amisse.

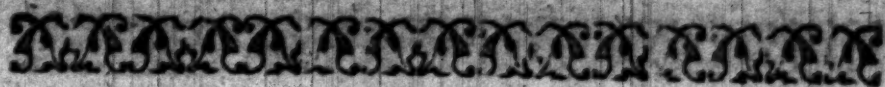
But with his pence, if he haue got him power,  
Then halfe a God, that is, more halfe a Deuill,  
Then Pride must teach him how to looke as fower,  
As Beldames milke that turned with her Ineuill,  
While the poore man that litle thinketh euill,  
Though nobly borne shall feare the Beggars frowne,  
And creepe and crouch vnto a filthy Clowne.

If





## *Pasquills Mad-cappe*



Oh, he that wants this wicked cankered Coine,  
May fret to death before he finde reliefe,  
But if he haue the cunning to purloine,  
And ease the Beggar of his biting grieffe,  
Although perhaps he play the prime theefe:  
It is no matter if the bagges be full,  
Well fares the wit that makes the world a Gull.

The Chuffe that sits and champes vpon his chaffe,  
May haue his Mawkin kisse him like a mare:  
And on his Barne-dore-threshold lie and laugh,  
To see the Swaggrer with the Beggars share,  
Follow the Hounds, till he hath caught rhe Hare:  
Oh, tis the purse that guilds the Bullockes horne,  
And makes the Shrew to laugh the sheepe to scorne.

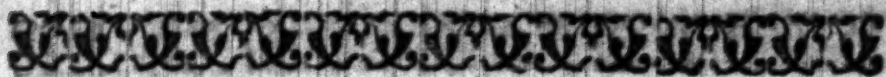
Who hath not scene a logger-headed Asse,  
That hath no more wit than an olde ioin d stoole,  
Prinking himselfe before a Looking-glasse,  
And set a face as though he were no foole,  
When he that well might set the calfe to schoole.  
Must be attentiu to the Ganders keake,  
Or giue a plaudit, when the Goose doth speake,

B

Let



6  
*Pasquills Mad-cappe*



Let but a Dunce, a Dizard, or a Dolt  
Get him a welted gowne, a fatten coate,  
Then though at randon he doe shoot his bolt,  
By telling of an idle tale by roate,  
Where Wisedome findes not one good word to note:  
Yea, though he can but grunde like a swine,  
Yet to the eight wise men he shall be nine.

But, for a poore man, be he ne're so wise,  
Grounded in rules of Wit and Reasons grace,  
And in his speeches neuer so precise,  
To put no word out of Discretions place,  
Yet shall you see, in shutting vp the case,  
A pesant flouen with the purses sleight,  
Will humme and hah him quite out of conceit.

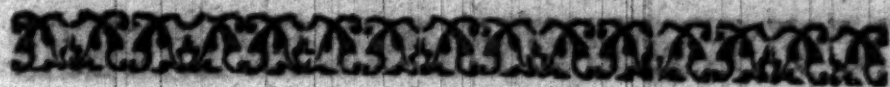
Looke on a souldiour that hath brauely seru'de,  
And with discretion can direct a campe,  
If he haue nothing for himselfe reseru'de,  
To warme his ioints when he hath got the Crampe,  
He shall haue little Oyle vnto his Lampe,  
But in a iacket and a paire of broags,  
Goe passe among the companie of roags.

But





## *Pasquills Mad-cappe*



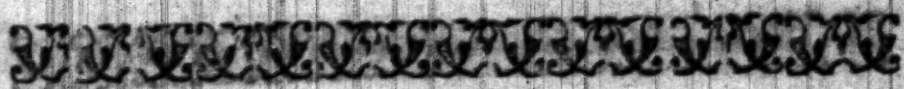
But if he can make money of his men,  
And his Lieutenant to supply his place,  
Although the Cocke be of a Crauen henne,  
And dare not meete a Capon in the face,  
Yet if he can be garded with gold lace,  
And sweare and swagger with a siluer sword,  
Who would not feare a stabbe for a foule word?

And yet this swappes, that neuer bloudied sword,  
Is but a coward, braue it as he list:  
And though he sweare and stare to keepe his word,  
He wil but loose his Armour in the List,  
Or take the Cuffe, and kindly kisse the fist:  
Stolne honor is a iest of Chiuallrie,  
And vnto valure open iniurie.

While he that ventures, lands, and, goods, and life,  
To shew the vertue of a valiant heart,  
And leaues his house, his children, and his wife,  
And from his countries quiet will depart,  
To passe the pikes of Dangers deadly smart:  
He is the souldior, be he nere so poore,  
May write Disgrace vpon the cowards doore.



# Pasquills Mad-cappe



But for the Lordes and Generalls of fields,  
 The Sergeant, Maiors, Colonells and such,  
 Marshall's and Captaines, that in Vertues shields,  
 Do beare the truth of Valures honors such,  
 In good of them I cannot say too much,  
 If all their armour were of pearle and gold,  
 That by desert the due of knighthood hold.

Take an odde Vicar in a village towne,  
 That onely prays for plentie and for peace,  
 If he can get him but a threed bare gowne,  
 And tyth a Pigge, and eate a Goose in greafe,  
 And set his hand vnto his neighbours lease,  
 And bid the Clearke on Sondaies ring the bell,  
 He is a church-man fittes the parish well.

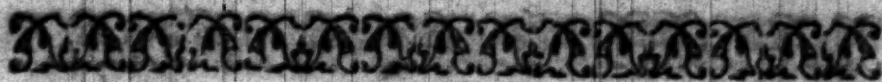
But if he get a Benefice of worth,  
 That may maintaine good hospitalitie,  
 And in the pulpit bring a figure forth,  
 Of Faith and Workes with a formalitie,  
 And tell a knape of an ill qualitie,  
 If with his preaching he can fil the purse,  
 He is a good man, God send nere a worse.

But





## *Pasquills Mad-cappe*



But yet this simple idle headed Ass,  
That scarce hath learn'd to spell the Hebrew names,  
Sir Iohn Lacke-latine with a face of brasse,  
Who all by roate his poore collations frames,  
And after seruice falles to ale-house games,  
How ere his wit may giue the foole the lurch,  
He is not fit to gouerne in the church.

While he that spends the labour of his youth,  
But in the booke of the Eternall blisse,  
And can and will deliuer but the truth,  
In which the hope of highest comfort is,  
That cannot leade the faithfull soule amisse:  
Howeuer so his state of wealth decline,  
Deserues the title of the true diuine.

I do not speake of Bishops nor of Deanes,  
Nor learned docters in Diuinitie,  
For they are men that rise by godly meanes,  
Who with the world haue no affinitie,  
But in the worship of the Trinitie,  
Their times, their braines, their loues, and liues do spend,  
To gaine the honour that shall neuer end.



# Pasquills Mad-cappe



Take but a Peti-fogger in the Law,  
That scarce a line of *Littleton* hath read,  
If he hath learnd the cunning how to claw  
His Clients backe, and bring a foole to bed,  
With beating toyes and trifles in his head,  
His golden fees will get him such a grace,  
A better Lawyer shall not crosse his case.

But be a poore man neuer so well read;  
In all the quirkes and quiddittes of Law,  
And beate his braines, and weary out his head,  
Till he haue proude a Dunce to be a Daw,  
Yet wil his skill be held not worth a straw:  
And he perhaps in pleading of his case,  
With floutes and scoffes be shouldred out of place.

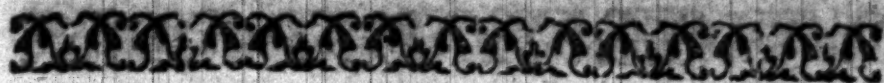
But let that pidling peti-fogging Iacke,  
That faine would seeme a Lawyer at the lest,  
Be nere so busie in a beggars packe,  
And light vpon the card that likes him best,  
Yet shal you see in setting vp his rest,  
In all the game who so doe loose or saue,  
His trickes wil alwaies fall vpon the Knaue.

While





# *Pasquills Mad-cappe*



While he that hath the honest Case in hand,  
 And learnedly can iudge twixt right and wrong,  
 And doth vpon the care of conscience stand,  
 And knowes that Sorrow's the Afflicteds song,  
 Biddes Iustice not the poore mans grieve prolong,  
 But hateth Bribes to heare the Trueth approued,  
 He is the Lawyer worthie to be loued.

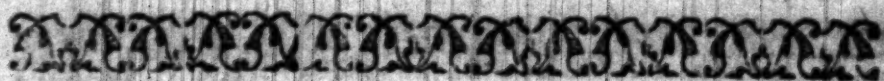
But for the Lords and Iudges of the Law,  
 They looke into the Matter, not the Men:  
 They know the mettall if they see the flaw,  
 And iudge the marish if they see the Fenne:  
 They know both what, and how, and where, and when,  
 And are as gods on earth to the distressed,  
 To giue the right, and see the wrong redressed.

But for our gentle Iustices of peace,  
 That but the chaire of Charitie doe keepe,  
 By whose great wisdom many quarrels cease,  
 And honest people doe in quiet sleepe,  
 While their commaund both watch and ward doth keepe:  
 Ifay no more, but God preserue their health,  
 They are good members in a Common-wealth.

Say,



# Pasquills Mad-cappe



Say, 'Coine can make a Painter draw face, a  
 He cannot giue it life doe what he can :  
 And though that Coine can giue an outward grace,  
 It cannot make a knaue an honest man,  
 It cannot turne the cat so in the pan :  
 But he that hath his eies may easily finde,  
 The difference twixt the bodie and the minde.

Take him that is disfigured in the face,  
 And woorse in minde, and euery where to blame,  
 He shall be but the subiect of Disgrace :  
 How euer Fortune doe his shaddow frame,  
 And in Loues triumph but a laughing game :  
 For neuer Mastiffe curre will be a Beagle,  
 Nor euer Owle will grow to be an Eagle.

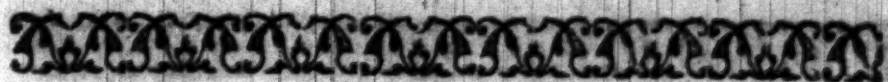
Looke on a fellow with a filthie face,  
 Snow on his head, and frost vpon his beard,  
 And euery where so furnisht with disgrace,  
 As well might make a seely foole afeard,  
 And like a Smith with sea-coale all besmeared,  
 Yet if he haue his working toole of gold,  
*Venus* will helpe to strike, if *Vulcan* hold.

Let





# *Pasquills Mad-cappe*



Let but a fellow in a fox-furde gowne,  
 A greasie night-cap, and a driueled beard,  
 Grow but the Bailiffe of a fisher towne,  
 And haue a matter fore him to be heard,  
 Will not his frowne make halfe a streete afearde?  
 Yea, and the greatest Codshead gape, for feare  
 He shall be swallowed by the vgly beare.

Looke but on Beggars going to the Stockes,  
 How masse Constable can march before them,  
 And while the Beadle maketh fast the lockes,  
 How brauely he can knaue them, and be-whore them,  
 And not affoord one word of pittie for them,  
 When it may be, poore honest seely people,  
 Must make the Church make curtisie to the Steeple.

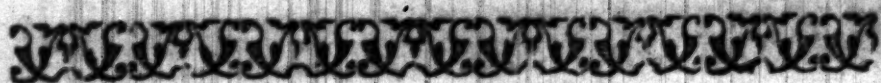
Note but the Beadle of a beggars Spittle,  
 How (in his place) he can himselfe aduance,  
 And wil not of his Title loose a tittle,  
 If any matters come in variance,  
 To trie the credite of his countenance:  
 For whatsoeuer the poore beggars say,  
 His is the word must carry all away.

C

Why



# Pasquills Mad-cappe



Why let a begger but on cock-horse sit,  
 Will he not ride like an ill-fauour'd king?  
 And will it not amaze a poore mans witte,  
 That Cuckoos teach the Nightingale to sing?  
 Oh, this same wealth is such a wicked thing,  
 I will teach an Owle (in time) to speake true Latine,  
 And make a Frier forswear our Ladies Matine.

Take but a pefant newly from the Cart,  
 That onely liues by Puddings, Beanes, and Pease,  
 Who neuer learned any other art,  
 But how to driue his cattell to the Leas,  
 And after worke, to sit and take his ease:  
 Yet put this Ass into a golden hide,  
 He shall be Groome vnto a handsome Bride.

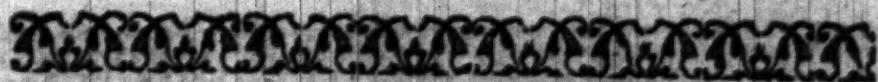
Take but a Rascall with a rogish pate,  
 Who can but onely keepe a counting booke,  
 Yet if his reckning grow to such a rate,  
 That he can angle for the golden hooke,  
 How euer so the matter be mistooke,  
 If he can cleerely couer his deceit,  
 He may be held a man of deepe conceit.

Find





# *Pasquills Mad-cappe*



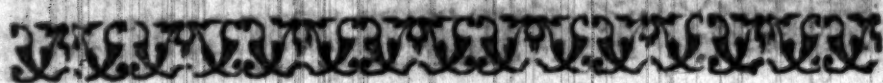
Finde out a villaine, borne and bred a knave,  
 That neuer knew where Honesty became,  
 A drunken rascall, and a dogged slaue,  
 That all his wittes to wickednesse doth frame,  
 And onely liues in infamy and shame,  
 Yet let him tincke vpon the golden Pan,  
 His word may passe yet for an honest man.

Why take a Fidler but with halfe an eie,  
 Who neuer knew if *Els* were a Note,  
 And can but play a Round, or Hey-de-gey,  
 And that perhaps he onely hath by roate,  
 Which now and then may hap to get a groate,  
 Yet if his Crowde be set with siluer Studdes,  
 The other Minstrels may goe chew their cuddes.

Giue mistris Fumkins Iohn Anods his wife,  
 The filthiest queane in fifteene countrey townes,  
 Who neuer had good thought in all her life,  
 But one fringde Kertle, and two woosted Gownes,  
 And fill her leather powch with a few crownes,  
 She shall haue more fine suters for her marish,  
 Than all the fairest maidens in the parish.



# Pasquills Mad-cappe



Olde Gillian Turne-tripe Iacke an Apes his Trull,  
That scarce can chew a peece of new made cheese,  
Swelld with the droppe, foule, and farting-full,  
With feeding on the fatte of Scullens fees,  
Yet if she haue the golden hony bees,  
She shall be kept as cleanly, fine, and fresh,  
As if she were a sweeter peece of flesh.

Let prinking *Parnell* with a paire of thumbes,  
That well might serue a Millers tolling dish,  
Who thickes her porridge but with browne bread crums,  
And neuer carde for butter to her fish,  
Haue but the mettall of the Misers wish,  
Twenty to one but she shall quickly marry,  
When finer wenches will be like to tarry.

Looke on olde *Bettresse* with her beetle browes,  
Begot betwixt a Tinkar and his Tibbe,  
And, but of late a seely Coblers spouse,  
If she haue playde the thrifty prowling scribe,  
To purchase Grasse to greaze the Pullockes ribbe,  
She shall be fedde with fine and daintie fare,  
And woo'd and wedded, ere she be aware.

But





# Pasquills Mad-cappe



But for a poore wench, be she ne're so faire,  
 Gracious, and vertuous, wise, and nobly borne,  
 And worthy well to sit in Honors chaire,  
 Yet if her kertle, or her gowne be torne,  
 All her good gifts shall be but held in scorne:  
 And she (poore soule) in sorrow and disgrace,  
 Be forcde to giue a filthy baggage place.

So that by all these consequents I see,  
 It is the Money makes or marres the man,  
 And yet where iudges will indiffrent be,  
 The Hobby-horse best fittes Maide-Murrian,  
 While greedy dogges may like the dripping pan:  
 For though that Mony may doe many things,  
 Yet Vertue makes the truest Queenes and Kings.

Oh what a world it is to see what wiles,  
 A seely foole will finde to gather wealth!  
 And how he laughs, when he himselfe beguiles,  
 With getting of the Cuckoes note by stealth,  
 And thinke all well: it is a signe of health,  
 When Patience hath the vaine to gather Pence,  
 It is a fault to trouble conscience.

C 3

Who



# Pasquills Mad-cappe



Who doth not see what villanies are wrought,  
To gather wealth, the ground of wickednesse?  
How many schollers *Machauel* hath taught,  
To fill the earth with all vngodlinesse,  
While witte doth onely worke for wealthinesse:  
Who liues in Ebbes, and may let in the floods,  
But will betray his father for his goods?

But, what auails vnto the worlde to talke?  
Wealth is a witch that hath a wicked charme,  
That in the mindes of wicked men doth walke,  
Vnto the heart and soules eternall harne,  
Which is not kept by the Almighty arme:  
Oh, tis the strongest instrument of ill  
That e're was knowne, to worke the diuels will.

An honest man is held a good poore soule,  
And Kindnesse counted but a weake conceit,  
And Loue writ vp, but in the woodcockes rowles:  
While thriuing Witte doth but on Wealth awaite,  
He is a Fore-horse that goes euer streight:  
And he but held a foole for all his wit,  
That guides his braines but with a golden bit.

A





## *Pasquills Mad-cappe*



A Virgin is a vertuous kind of creature,  
 But, doth not Coyne command Virginitie?  
 And Beauty hath a strange bewitching feature,  
 But Gold reades so much worldes diuinitie,  
 As with the heauens hath no affinitie,  
 So that where Beauty doth with Vertue dwell,  
 If it want money, yet it will not sell.

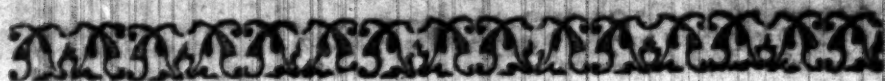
The market doth not serue to looke on minds,  
 Tis Mony makes the way with euery thing,  
 Coyne alters Natures in a thousand kindes;  
 And makes a Beggar thinke himselfe a King,  
 The Carter whistle, and the Cobler sing,  
 Money, oh God, it carries such a grace,  
 That it dare meete the Diuel in the face.

And he that wants this wicked kind of drosse,  
 May talke of Nuttes, but feede vpon the Shales,  
 In steede of Grasse be glad to gather Mosse,  
 And steede of Hills be glad to keepe the Dales,  
 With chilling blasts in steede of blessed gales.  
 Valure, Wit, Honor, Vertue, Beauty, Grace,  
 All little worth, if Wealth be out of place.

The



## Pasquills Mad-cappe



The Golden tale is euer soonest heard,  
 The Golden suter soonest hath dispatch,  
 The Golden seruant hath the best regard,  
 And what such marriage, as the Golden match?  
 And who so wise as is the golden patch?  
     Sweete Musicke foundes it in a Golden vaine,  
     The sweetest stroke is in the Golden straine.

And yet for all this, by your leaue awhile,  
 Examine all, and giue each one his right,  
 Let not Selfe-will a better wit beguile,  
 To take a candle for the Sunnie light,  
 There is a difference twixt the day and night,  
     So is there twixt the riches of the mind,  
     And the base droffe in Beggar-thoughts to find.

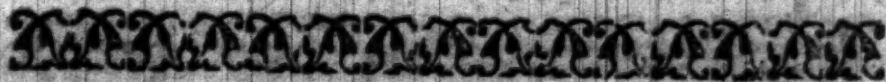
The wealthy Beggar with his golden bagges,  
 Is yet a Beggar, mangre all his golde,  
 And noble Vertue, though it be in ragges,  
 May well deserue a better place to holde,  
 Than many a one that is for money solde:  
     And tis not Wealth can make an Ape a man,  
     Cut out his coate the best way that you can.

Wealth





# *Pasquills Mad-cappe.*



Wealth will not make an old man yong againe,  
 How euer so *Elixers* do abuse him,  
 Nor wealth can take out a dishonest staine,  
 How euer kindnesse for a time excuse him,  
 Wealth cannot make the wise but to refuse him:  
 Wealth cannot sweeten an old stincking breath,  
 Nor saue a Miser from the dart of death.

A Knaue in graine can take none other hue,  
 The Counterfeit wil quickly shew his kind,  
 A Traitor in his heart cannot be true,  
 The Weathercocke goes euer with the wind,  
 He hath no eies that can no colours find:  
 Fooles may be blinded with a wilfull mist,  
 But wise men will beware of had-I-wist.

For he that were as rich as *Cresus* was,  
 Yet, if he haue a paire of *Midas* eares,  
 He shall be counted but a golden Asse,  
 What euer worship in the world he beares,  
 For Truth her selfe by all her triall sweares,  
 In all the rules where Reason hath his right,  
 A shadow doth but onely mocke the sight.

D

While



## *Pasquills Mad-cappe.*



While he that hath a manly comely feature,  
And wisedomes grace to guide the spirites will,  
And with the outward ornaments of Nature,  
To heavenly comfort bends his inward skill,  
Although he cannot clime the golden hill,  
How bare soeuer here be his abode,  
He shall be gracious in the sight of God.

He that walkes wanton with his head aside,  
And knowes not well how he may set his feet:  
And she that minceth like a maiden Bride,  
And like a shadow slideth through the streete,  
How euer so their mindes in many meete,  
Measure their humours iustly by the middle,  
He may be but a Foole, and she a Fiddle.

She that hath a round table at her breech,  
And like a Puppet in her parrell dight:  
He that is all formality in speech,  
And like a Rabbet that is set vpright,  
How euer so their purses be in plight,  
He may be wise, but in his owne opinion,  
And she accounted but an idle minion.

He





## *Pasquills Mad-cappe.*



He that with fat goes walowing like a Beare,  
 And puffes and blowes, and gapes to gather ayre:  
 She that all day fittes curling of her heare,  
 And paintes her face to make the fowle seeme faire,  
 How euer so their wealth encrease, or paire,  
 He may be held for a Butchers Weather,  
 And she a Bird, but of an idle feather.

He, like a Crane that stalkes along the streete,  
 And ouer-lookes the Moone, and all the Starres:  
 She that doth softly strue to set her feete,  
 As though her ioynts had lately bin at iarres,  
 How e're their purses breede their peace or warres,  
 He may be counted but the sonne of Pride,  
 And she perhaps haue an vnwholsome hide.

He that doth set his wicked wittes to worke,  
 To coosen and to conny-catch his friend,  
 And she that doth in secret corners lurke,  
 To bring yong humours to a wicked end,  
 How euer so their purses paire or mend,  
 She may hap proue as good as euer twang'd,  
 And he a Rascall, worthy to be hang'd.

D 2

He



# Pasquills Mad-cappe.



He that doth bring men into bondes of debt,  
 And feede their humors with a carde of tennē:  
 She that can mump, and mince, and ierke, and iet,  
 As though she were olde *Chaunterlers* chiefe henne,  
 How ere their purses build the golden Penne,  
 In the best rules that Witte and Reason haue,  
 She may be thought a Queane, and he a Knaue.

He that can fleere and leere, and looke aside,  
 As though he studied on some weightie case:  
 She that can kindly counterfet the Bride,  
 On working daies to make a Sondaies face,  
 How euer so their purses be in case,  
 He may perhaps haue but a knauish wit,  
 And she perhaps be but a foolish Tit.

He that will drinke, and sweare, and stabbe, and kill,  
 And will be brought vnto no better stay,  
 She that will brawle and scold, and haue her will,  
 In spight of whosoeuer dare say nay,  
 How ere their wealth do beare the world away,  
 He may be fit to keepe the diuells court,  
 And she a match to make a mad man sport.

So





# *Pasquills Mad-cappe*



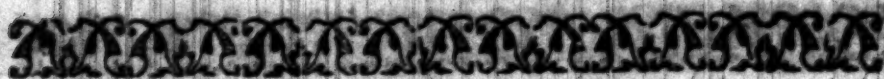
So that I see I find my selfe deceiued,  
 To thinke that Mony should monarch it so,  
 Although I thinke I might be well conceiued,  
 To thinke that money makes a goodly show,  
 Vnto a mind that doth not mettall know:  
 But he that knowes the flower from the mosse,  
 Will find it but a necessarie drosse.

But, he that can with conscience, and with kindnesse,  
 From a small Mole-hill, to a mountaine rise,  
 And she that will not with Discretions blindnesse  
 Leade a poore friend into fooles paradise:  
 Let Crownes and Angells follow them like flies:  
 If they get gold, on Gods name let them weare it,  
 He hath a peeuisish humour cannot beare it.

But, let him yet acknowledge what he is,  
 That by his wealth his onely worship getteth:  
 And let her that is such a misteris,  
 Thinke her but fond that so her selfe forgetteth,  
 As Labors lucre euen with Honor setteth:  
 Let them I say confesse but what they be,  
 And they shall be still as they are forme.



# *Pasquills Mad-cappe.*



But if King Pippin ouer-looke his basket,  
 I wish a Rotte among his Apples fall:  
 And if dame Laundresse do forget her flasket,  
 I wish her loose her Crippin, or her Cawle,  
 I cannot make a Parlour of a hall:  
 Let euery Rabbet to her borough runne,  
 And then the hunting will be quickly done.

But if the hildings care not howe they come,  
 Nor where they range in fetching of their feede,  
 If they be met with in their going home,  
 I can not pittie their vnhappy speed:  
 Who cuts their fingers must abide them bleed:  
 Who wilfully wil venture for a smart,  
 I can not help them, if it breake their heart.

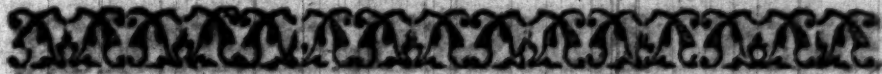
Then let a knaue be knowne to be a knaue,  
 A thiefe a villaine, and a churle a hogge,  
 A Mincks, a Minion, and a rogue a slaue,  
 A Trulla Tit, a Vsurer a dogge,  
 A Lobbe a Lowte, a heavy Loll a Logge:  
 And euery bird go rowst in her owne nest,  
 And then perhaps my Muse wil be at rest.

But





# *Pasquills Mad-cappe*



But if a Iacke will be a Gentleman,  
 And mistris Needens Lady it at least,  
 And euery Goose be sawey with the Swanne,  
 While the Assse thinks he is a goodly beast,  
 While so the foole doth keepe Ambitions feast,  
 My Muse in conscience that cannot be quiet,  
 VVill giue them this good sawce vnto their diet.

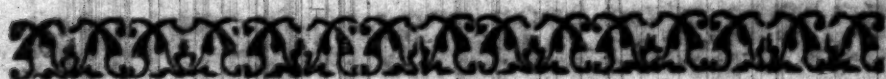
But I doe hope I am but in a dreame,  
 Fooles will be wiser than to loose their wittes,  
 The Countrey wench will looke vnto her creame,  
 And workemen see, but where their profite sits,  
 And leaue fantastickes to their idle fittes:  
 Pride shall goe downe, and Vertue shall encrease,  
 And then my Muse be still, and holde her peace.

But, if I see the world will not amend,  
 The wealthy Beggar counterfeite the King,  
 And idle spirites all their humours spend,  
 In seeking how to make the Cuckoe sing:  
 If Fortune thus do daunce in Follies ring,  
 VVhen contraries thus goe against their kindes,  
 My Muse resolues to tell them what she findes.

For



# *Pasquills Mad-cappe.*

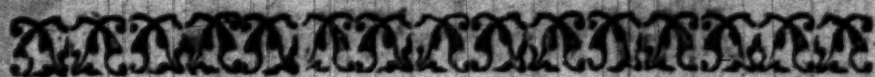


For she cannot be partiall in her speech,  
 To smoothe, and flatter, to colloge, and lie,  
 She cannot make a breast-plate of a breech,  
 Nor praise his sight that hath but halfe an eie,  
 She cannot doe her selfe such iniurie:  
 For she was made out of so plaine a molde,  
 As doth but Truth for all her honor holde.

*FINIS.*







## Mad-cappes Message.

**O** Muse abroade, and beate the world about,  
 Tell truth for shame, and hugger vp no ill:  
 Flatter not folly with too plaine a flowt,  
 Nor on a Buzzard set a Faulcons bill:  
 Do no man wrong, giue eu'ry man his right,  
 For time will come that all wil come to light.

Do not perswade a foole that he is wise,  
 Nor make a Beggar thinke he is a King:  
 Say not a Mole can see that hath no eies,  
 Nor starke dead stockes haue any power to spring,  
 For while that Logicke would maintaine a lie,  
 Tis easely found out in Philosophie.

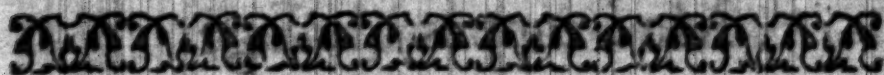
Tell idle eies that know not how to looke,  
 Their wanton thoughts will worke them nought but woes,  
 Tell addle wittes that haue the world mistooke,  
 Vnbrideled willes are Reasons ouerthrowes,  
 While onely Trueth that walkes by Wisedomes line,  
 Happieth the heart and makes the soule diuine.

E

Go



## Mad-cappes Message



Goe to the Court, and tell your gracious Queene,  
That in her loue her land hath blessed beene:  
And tell her land that you haue truely seene,  
No Court on earth more graced in a Queene,  
Where Vertue giues a kinde of heavenly Crowne,  
That all the world can neuer tumble downe.

There tell the Lordes and Ladies in their eares,  
They must be loyall in their humble loues,  
The fairest Badge that Honor euer beares,  
Is, in a crowne a nest of Turtle-doues,  
The crowne of Lawrell that can neuer wither,  
The Birdes, in loue, that liue and die together.

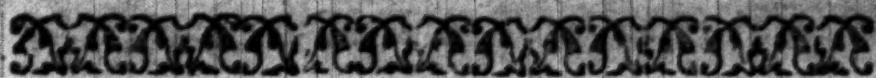
There tell the Courtier he doth kindly serue,  
That of his cuistie cannot make a cloake,  
Where Bounties hand doth honor best deserue,  
That giues rewarde before the word be spoke:  
And tell the Gallants that will seeke for Graces,  
Chaste modest eies best figure Angells faces.

Goe





## *Mad-cappes Message*



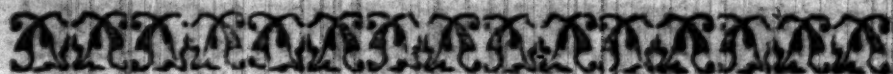
Goe bidde the Lawyers looke their Common places,  
 And where they know the trueth, there giue the right:  
 For God himselfe, who heares the poore mans cases,  
 VVill giue a day vnto their darkeſt night:  
 When in the booke that doth all thoughts diſcloſe,  
 Their ſoules ſhall ſee whereto iniuſtice growes.

Goe to the learned Vniuerſities,  
 And tell the Schollers of the loſſe of time,  
 Bidde them beware of too much liberties,  
 Beſt thriuing plants are tended in their prime,  
 And bidde them firſt goe read the rules of Grace,  
 That lower bleſſings may come on a pace.

Tell country Players, that old paltry ieſts  
 Pronounced in a painted motley coate,  
 Fills all the world ſo full of Cuckoos neſts,  
 That Nightingales can ſcarcely ſing a note:  
 Oh bidde them turne their minds to better meanings,  
 Fields are ill ſowne that giue no better gleanings.



## Mad-cappes Message



Goe tell the Fidlers that doe haunt the Faires,  
 They are but coales to kindle wicked fires,  
 Where onely Pence do make vnequall paires:  
 Performe the actions of vncleane desires:  
 When in an Ale-house in a drunken pot,  
 The diuell daunceth though they see him not.

Goetell the Swaggers that doe vse to sweare,  
 Heere, or in hell, their mouthes will sure bee stopt:  
 And tell the thecues that robbe without a feare,  
 That Tiborne trees must once a month be topt:  
 And tell the cluster of the damned Crue,  
 Such hell-hounds heauen out of her mouth doeth spue.

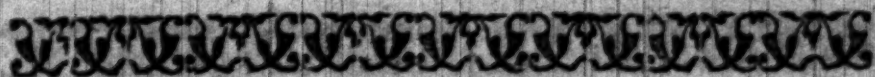
Bidde each Diuine goe closely to his booke,  
 And truly teach the comforts of the soule,  
 And to his life to haue a carefull looke:  
 Knowing what actions Angels doe enrowle,  
 And tell them truly that diuinitie  
 VVith worldly loue hath no affinitie.

Feed





## Mad-cappes Message



Feed not the Souldiour with delight of blood,  
 VVhile Mercie is the honour of a field:  
 And tell the Merchant, that ill-gotten good,  
 A wretched life a wofull end will yeeld:  
 And tell the Miser vsurer of monie,  
 His soule is poisoned with his bodies honie.

Goe tell the Craftes-man of his craftie worke,  
 And that his cousoning one day will decay:  
 For long the Fox may in his borow lurke,  
 That may be catcht in hunting for his pray:  
 And whereas truth can onely beare a blame,  
 Falshoode must runne and hide her face for shame.

Goe tell the Fencer with his deadly foine,  
 That *Caine* and *Abel* yet are currant weight,  
 VVhere is more easie for to part than ioine  
 The soule and bodie by a wicked sleight,  
 VVhile secret Murther in the sinners brest,  
 VVill neuer let the soule to be at rest.



34  
*Mad-cappes Message.*



Goe tell the Beggar at the Rich mans gate,  
That *Lazarus* in *Abrahams* bosome liues:  
And tell the Rich, that *Dines* wofull state,  
Doth shew what almes lacke of Pittie giues:  
And tell the VVise that *Salomon* is dead,  
VWhile wilfull Fancie brings a Foole to bedde,

Goe bid the Jailour looke vnto his charge,  
And not be cruell where he may be kinde,  
For though a prisouer be not set at large,  
Yet in his sorrow let him comfort finde,  
That when the soule at Mercies doore doth knocke,  
Pittie on earth may ope the heau nly locke.

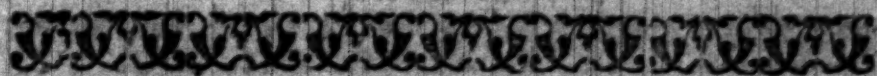
Coe to the prisoner that doth liue opprest,  
And tell him, Patience is a heau nly power,  
That in all troubles giues the Spirit rest,  
And makes it happie in a heau nly hower:  
When true Remorſe that Vertues grieve doeth see,  
From Care and Sorrow soone will set him free.

Goe





## Mad-cappes Message



Goe tell the wretch that would and cannot thriue,  
 That his endeouour, standeth for a deede:  
 And bid the sicke man in his soule reuiue,  
 While Angells ioyes on sinners teares do feede:  
 And tell the soule that mourneth for her sinne,  
 Heau'n gates stand open for to let her in.

Tell not the Crow, that she is lillie white,  
 Because a Painter colourd hath her coate,  
 Nor say a Cuckoe hath in musicke light,  
 Because in Maie she hittes vpon a noate,  
 But say the Crow is blacke, the Cuckoe's hoarse,  
 The finest carkasse will be but a coarse.

Tell *Aesopes* Pie, that Flies with Peacockes feathers,  
 They are but stolne, or borrowed, not her owne:  
 And tell the shippe that sailes in roughest weather,  
 Vpon a Rocke she may be ouerthrowne:  
 And tell the Hart that will not keepe the wood,  
 To graze too farre, will doe him little good.

Goe



# *Mad-cappes Message.*



Goe tell the Poets that their piddling rimes,  
 Begin apace to grow out of request,  
 While wanton humours in their idle times  
 Can make of Loue but as a laughing iest:  
 And tell prose-Writers, Stories are so stale,  
 That pennie Ballads make a better sale.

Goe tell the Authors of high Tragedies,  
 That bloudlesse quarrells are but merry fights,  
 And such as best conceit their Comedies,  
 Do feede their fancies but with fond delights,  
 Where toyes will shew that figure Trueths intention,  
 They spoile their spirites with too much inuention.

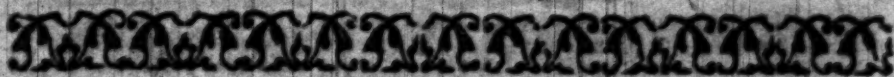
Goe bid the Scriuener looke in his Indentures.  
 That no ill couenant a conueiance marre,  
 And tell the Sailer that in Sea adventures,  
 A shippe ill guided splits vpon a barre:  
 And tell the Fisher when he layes his nets,  
 He fisheth ill that but a Gudgin gets.

Goe





## Mad-cappes Message



Goe tell the Iugglers that their iests are toies,  
Where Wisedome seeth the woorth of little wit,  
Their exercises but for girles and boies,  
That watch the Gander while the Goose doth sit,  
Their trickes but trifles, bred by wickednesse,  
But to deceiue the eie of simplenesse,

Goe tell the Pander and the Parasite,  
The one his tongue is like the others minde,  
The Parasite without a tooth can bite,  
The Pander liues in a more loathsome kinde,  
The one, his facultie is flatterie,  
The other liues by fittie Lecherie.

Goe tell the traitor, if thou hitst of any,  
That *Iudas* is a prologue to their play:  
And tell the world, that Iudasses too many,  
In secret corners spring vp euery day,  
Who, since both heau n and earth may well abhorre,  
Goe hang themselues as he hath done before.

F

Goe



## *Mad-cappes Message*



Goe to the Country, where the Farmers dwell,  
And bid them bring their corne out to the poore,  
Tel them the Sexton comes to ring the Bell,  
When Death will fetch the richest out of doore:  
And they too late to their sorrow shall see,  
How Charles on earth, in hell shall plagued be.

Goe tell the Laborers that the lazie bones  
That will not worke, must seeke the beggars games,  
And tell the Beggar that his fained groanes,  
Must haue a whip to ease him of his paines,  
While worke-mens labour and the lame mans woe,  
In Wisedomes eie cannot vn pittied goe.

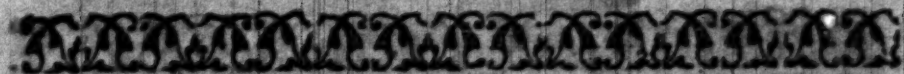
Thus not in order seeke out euery one,  
But as thou meetst them, tell them what I bid thee,  
But if thou seest thou canst do good of none,  
Of gracelesse Schollers quickly seeke to rid thee,  
Such as determine in their sinnes to dwell,  
Thou canst not help them if they runne to hell.

But





## Mad-cappes Message



But lest thy worke be all too much to doe,  
 Beginne againe and I will make an end,  
 But, haue a care of that I set thee to,  
 Lest I discarde thee euer for a friend:  
 But take good heed, beginne where I begunne.  
 And make an end, and I will soone haue done.

Goe bid the Courtier that he be not prowde,  
 The Sloudier, bloudie; nor the Lawyer blinde:  
 And bid the Marchant, that he doe not shrowde  
 A subtile meaning in a simple kinde:  
 Goe bidde the Schollers learne, the Doctors teach,  
 And haue a care to liue as they doe preach.

Goe bid the Farmer bring abroad his graine,  
 The Craftes-man, that he soundly make his ware,  
 The Workman, that he labour for his gaine,  
 The Beggar, that he waite for Pitties share:  
 Then, if the Sexton come to ring the Bell,  
 Where Faith is fixt, there is no feare of Hell.



## *Mad-cappes Message*



Forbid the Poets, all fantasticke humors,  
 The Players, acting of vnlawfull iests,  
 The Prose-men, raising of vnciuill rumors,  
 The Fidlers playing, but at Bride-ale feasts,  
 The Fencers fight, but onely to defend,  
 That easie quarrells soone may haue an end,

Go tel the spend-thrift that doth sel his land,  
 Money will melt like snow against the Sunne:  
 And he that takes his rent vp afore-hand,  
 May hap to want before the yeare be done:  
 And tell a foole that playes on better wittes,  
 A lowzie head wil quickly shew his nittes.

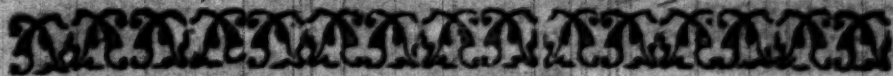
Go bid the Scriuener looke he truly write,  
 And tel the Iuggler that his seates are stale:  
 And bid the Sailer looke his shippes be tight,  
 And take the blowing of a merry gale,  
 And bid the fisher lay for bigger fish,  
 A world of Gudgins will not fil a dish.

Goe





## Mad-cappes Message



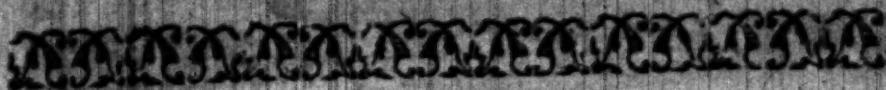
Go tel the rich man that his store of wealth,  
 Wil purchase him no place in Paradise,  
 And bid the strong man boast no more of health,  
 For as the Lamb, we see the Lion dies:  
 And bid the wise man boast not of his wits,  
 Lest vnawares he fall to madding fits.

Go bid the Taylour looke vnto his lockes,  
 And keepe his keies and feare no prisoners flight,  
 And keepe his racks, his tortures, boltes and stockes,  
 To make a traitour bring a truth to light,  
 But to his power to helpe the poore oppressed,  
 For God is pleasde in pittying the distressed,

Go bid the Poets studdie better matter,  
 Than *Mars* and *Venus* in a Tragedie,  
 And bid them leaue to learne, to lie, and flatter,  
 In plotting of a Louers Comœdie:  
 And bid Play-writers better spend their spirites,  
 Than in Fox-borowes, or in Cony ferrits.



42  
*Mad-cappes Message*



Do not allure a wanton eie to Loue,  
Nor seeke with words to witch an itching eare:  
Play not the Turkie with the Turtle-doue,  
Nor fray a Babie with a painted Beare,  
Finde better worke to set thy selfe vnto,  
As good be ydle, as haue nought to doe.

Follow not Follies, Shadowes, nor Conceits,  
For in the end, they will but all deceiue thee:  
Practise no iestings, nor no iuggling sleights,  
For in the end Discretion will perceiue thee,  
And when that woe and want doth ouertake thee,  
Fortune will faile thee, and the world forsake thee.

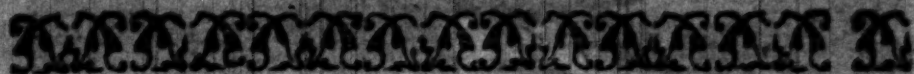
Loose not thy time with looking after toies,  
Nor fall to building Castles in the aire,  
Let Natures Iewels neuer be thy ioies,  
But loue the beautie of the inward faire:  
Where ere thou goe, let Truth and Vertue guide thee,  
And then be sure no euill can betide thee.

Spend





## Mad-cappes Message



Spend not thy patrimony in thy apparell,  
 In cardes nor dice, in horses, hawkes, nor hounds,  
 Maintaine thy right, but make no idle quarrell,  
 And keepe thy selfe within discretions bounds:  
 Abuse no friend, nor trust an enemy,  
 And keepe thy selfe from euill companie.

Reuenge no wrong, except it be too great,  
 True valour liues in sparing, not in spilling,  
 Denie no truce that mercie doth intreate,  
 A cruell conquest that doth end in killing:  
 For Patience finds that poison's wrath to death,  
 An angry word is but an angry breath.

Bid them feare God, that meane to shunne the diuell,  
 And hate the Diuell, that wil come at God,  
 And say when children be inclin'd to euill,  
 Parents sometime of force must vse the rod:  
 For sinne is hatefull in *Iehonahs* eyes,  
 And Man his life but in his mercie lies.

FINIS.

